

CULTURE.

SCIENTIFIC.

DOMESTIC.

HUMOROUS.

Practical Saints.

GLEANINGS IN WISCONSIN.—A few general rules which will help you, and which, judiciously applied, will enable you to raise their own vegetables to a fine condition in nearly twice as long as is often.

These rules are:

Keep them cool without freezing without alternating changes of temperature.

2. If they dry up and shrivel (as beans and parsnips), apply by external means a certain amount of moisture.

3. If they do not shrivel but rot (as potatoes and quashes), let the air which surrounds them be dry and cool.

4. If they are to be used and readily applied in various cases, potatoes, for example, dry very slowly, but are liable to rot, and they may therefore be subjected to moderate currents of air, in a cool place. Light should be kept out to prevent their becoming green and bitter. If rot attacks them, it may be checked by repeatedly dashing cold water on them, while those which are not yet ripe, will give an idea of its practical nature: A few grains of cobalt dissolved in water, the whole of the cobalt precipitated with the nickel by carbonate of potash employed in slight excess, and previously dissolved in a little distilled water. A few drops of ammonia are then added, just sufficient to render the liquid slightly alkaline, and the dark green xanthate of cobalt is collected on a filter. The whole of the nickel is in the filtrate, and the whole of the cobalt in the filter. The nickel in the filtrate is precipitated by a few drops of sulphide of ammonia.

Character of xanthates.—Besides the precipitate which the soluble xanthates give with salts of copper, all the insoluble xanthates, on dissolving in nitric acid, give rise to nitrous ether which is readily recognized by its odor.

—Dr. T. L. Phipson, in *Chemical News*.

Manganese Bronze.—Manganese bronze has been found to greatly exceed in tensile strength both Muntz or yellow metal or gun metal. At recent experiments made at the Royal Gun Factories, England, a cold rolled sheet was found to have great strength, sustaining a strain of 34 per cent before yielding, and an ultimate strain of nearly 40 tons per square inch, and an elongation of 11-6 per cent, its length places it on a level, and, in respect of its elastic limit, above the best steel used for constructive purposes. The weakest quality is 50 per cent stronger than Muntz metal, and at the same time sufficiently ductile to be riveted cold. It has been successfully converted into sheets and plates, wire tubes, in all of which it is superior, bearing a greater superiority over brass, being twice as hard and twice as strong.

The Engineer says that the greatest heat it is likely to be subjected to in a locomotive, or other high pressure boiler, does not in the least require its strength, toughness, or hardness, so that it would appear particularly suitable for boiler and condenser tubes.

Cleaning Engravings.—Put the engraving on a smooth board covered by a thin white cloth, and, when dry, gently powdered; squeeze lemon juice upon the salt so as to dissolve a considerable portion of it; elevate one end of the board, so that it may form an angle of about 45 or 50 degrees with the horizon. Pour on the engraving boiling water from a teakettle until the salt and lemon juice be all washed off; the engraving will then be perfectly clean and free from stains. It must be dried on the board, or on some smooth surface, gradually. If dried by the fire or sun, it will be tinged with a yellow color.

Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, of Bloomington, Ind., says that unless the planet of the sun, Mars, is explained in such way as that, in his *Recent Advances in Physical Science*, has accounted for the motions of the inner groups of planetoids of the rings of Saturn, it will be found to present a case which will be destructive of the nebular hypothesis.

A small lake that in 1870 was formed on the plateau of the Apennines between France and Bologna, is gradually disappearing, according to Prof. Filopanti who says that from a scientific point of view the history of this lake is only in miniature the history of all the lakes in the world.

The Way the Chinese Stop an Ass Braying.

In 1840 (says the Abbe Auc) we were once making a journey in a wagon in the province of Pekin. Our equipage was under the guidance of an old schoolmaster, mounted upon a magnificent ass, so full of ardor and agility that the two mules that completed our team had all the difficulty in the world to keep up with him. This ass, however, was so filled with a sense of his own superiority, and so proud of it, that whenever he became aware of the presence of any of his brethren, he never failed to commence boasting of it in such loud, sonorous and harsh tones that his folly became quite insupportable.

When we got to an inn, instead of trying to rest himself, the beast passed the whole night practising music, setting all the donkeys in the neighborhood to sing the same tune, so that it was impossible to sleep.

One evening we said to the schoolmaster,

"Your donkey is an abominable brute; it prevents my getting sleep of."

"Why did you not tell me so before?" said the schoolmaster.

As the old pedagogue was somewhat of a wagg, and indulged sometimes in a small joke, we took little notice of his reply, but that night we slept quite soundly.

"Well, did the ass make a noise last night?" he asked when we met in the morning.

"Perhaps not," said we; "at all events, we did not hear it."

"No, I think not," said he; "I saw to that before I went to bed. You must have noticed," he continued, "that when an ass is going to bray, he always begins by raising his tail, and he keeps it extended horizontally as long as his song lasts. To insure his silence, you have only to tie a large stone to the end of his tail, so that he cannot raise it."

We smiled without reply, thinking this was only another piece of plausibility; but he cried:

"Come, now, and see; you can easily convince yourself."

And accordingly we followed him to the court-yard, where we beheld, sure enough, the poor ass with a large stone attached to his tail, and with the air of having lost his accustomed spirits. His eyes were fixed on the ground, his ears hung down, his whole appearance denoting humility and dejection. Feeling quite compassionate towards him, we begged his master to untie the stone directly, and as soon as ever he felt his musical appendage liberty, the creature raised first his head, then his ears, then his tail, and at last began to bray with all his wonted energy.

The man to whom we refer produced one book, the "American Spelling-Book," not bulky in size, nor super-human as to material, but which, nevertheless, still circulates at the rate of a million copies a year.

Mr. Webster worked many years and against gigantic difficulties before he could get his books introduced to the public and he richly deserved the success that came to him even before he died.

AN ASS TAILED WITH A CONG. will never be in suffering and risk by being prompt to his Expectorant, an aid effective of "one" merit.

SCIENTIFIC.

Separation of Nickel and Cobalt.—The separation of nickel and cobalt has hitherto been a somewhat difficult operation, but by the new method, which I made known a short time ago, this is effected easily and rapidly. The following method of detecting and isolating minute quantities of nickel in commercial chloride of cobalt, supposed to be pure, will give an idea of its practical nature: A few grains of cobalt dissolved in water, the whole of the cobalt precipitated with the nickel by carbonate of potash employed in slight excess, and previously dissolved in a little distilled water. A few drops of ammonia are then added, just sufficient to render the liquid slightly alkaline, and the dark green xanthate of cobalt is collected on a filter. The whole of the nickel is in the filtrate, and the whole of the cobalt in the filter. The nickel in the filtrate is precipitated by a few drops of sulphide of ammonia.

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COTTAGE PUDDING.—Take half a teacupful of butter free from salt, two teacupfuls of sand sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Beat all well together until very light; then add one teacupful of new milk, and beat again. Add a few spoonfuls of sifted flour, the well-beaten whites of three eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of cream. Turn into a well-buttered mould, and bake half an hour in a quick oven. Should any be left from dessert, sauce for the Pudding.—Rub well together a few large four large tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar and two cups of boiling water, add a few spoonfuls of cream, and boil until it is dissolved; add a wineglassful of wine and brandy mixed. On no account stirring it constantly until well dissolved, or it will lose its lightness. Add grated nutmeg to taste, and serve hot.

EXCELLENT ROLLS.—Melt in one and a half pints of new milk a quarter of a pound of butter—lard will answer, or one-half the quantity each of lard and butter. Have ready two and a half pounds of sifted flour, in which mix well the yolks of two eggs, and add a boiled potato, which should have been boiled the day previous, that it may be perfectly cold. As soon as the milk is lukewarm, stir it in; add a teaspoonful of yeast, and knead all long and well. In cool weather let it stand near the stove, that it may rise in three or four hours; then put in a cooler place an hour or two; then work in half as much more butter, incorporating it thoroughly in the dough. Form into rolls, place in a well-buttered pan, let them rise about half an hour, then bake in a quick oven.

GIMME forty raw with sat' and pepper.—Melt in one and a half pints of new milk a quarter of a pound of butter—lard will answer, or one-half the quantity each of lard and butter. Have ready two and a half pounds of sifted flour, in which mix well the yolks of two eggs, and add a boiled potato, which should have been boiled the day previous, that it may be perfectly cold. As soon as the milk is lukewarm, stir it in; add a teaspoonful of yeast, and knead all long and well. In cool weather let it stand near the stove, that it may rise in three or four hours; then put in a cooler place an hour or two; then work in half as much more butter, incorporating it thoroughly in the dough. Form into rolls, place in a well-buttered pan, let them rise about half an hour, then bake in a quick oven.

How to TEST a COAL FIRE.—Ripenish a coal fire as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on the surface; then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and, as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will be given out.

Many persons almost put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as the fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal is put on; if it is pretty well killed, the old coal which saves fuel, gives a more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alternations of heat and cold. —H. A. K.

SUGGES.—That of mine of yours is a great beast. What do you eat him?" said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk wished to tease the child, asked: "What do you want five cents' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered, and the clerk concluded to attend to his own business.

RHEUMATISM.—"How to cure a Coal Fire."—Ripenish a coal fire as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on the surface; then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and, as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will be given out.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To become rich, one must spare as many cents as he can.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

The greatest truths are the simplest—so are the greatest men.

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but the worst cloak.

Honesty coupled with beauty is to have honey a sauce for sugar.

Love looketh from the eye and kindeith love by looking.—Tupper.

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than taste.—Emerson.

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own. Talent is that which is a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.—Lowell.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.—Goethe.

To have ideals to gather flowers. To think is to weave them into garlands.—Madame Swetchine.

Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.—Jeremy Taylor.

Sorrows gather around great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plains beneath them.

A small sorrow distracts, a great one makes us collected; as a bell loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it if the disire is enlarged.

Men of humor are, in some degree, men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius, among other gifts, may possess wit as Shakespeare's Coleridge.

A man should insure himself to voluntary labor, and not give up to indulgence and pleasure, as they beget no good constitution of body nor knowledge of mind.

All the nice things of this world are of no further good to us than they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

Never seek to be entrusted with your friend's secret; for no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you may be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

We should no more lament that we have grown old than the husbandman, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, should lament that summer or autumn has come.

Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them. Genius thinks it can do whatever it sees others doing; but it is sure to repeat of every ill-judged outlay.—Goethe.

Is there a fool in all this world that cannot criticize? Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labor of others.

The beauty of holiness is that never fades. There is no decay from time, no deformity from overstrain, and no loss of form or bloom from the burden and heat of the day.

You know everything, Colonel, and where everything is. Have you any recollection or knowledge of such a geography, such a book or such an author?

The Colonel stopped a moment to think, and then replied:

"I know what you want; I'll see if I can find it."

In speaking of Ireland, the Doctor once or twice made use of the word "Keltic." Later, in referring to the title of a well-known book, he called it "Eke Homo."

"That's the English way of doing it," said the Doctor, in reply to my application for information. "They have a great many peculiarities. That is pronounced *tray; issue*, by Mr. Gladstone, and many others, is *isso*. *Derby* is *Derby*; *clerk* is *clerk*, *Burkley*, *Burkley*, and *son*. I have a rather good joke on an Englishman who is a prominent politician, and a purist in language. In a conversation in which he was denouncing the 'vicious pronunciation of Americans,' I asked him what the standard dictionary in use in England. He answered that it is the 'Imperial.' I said that of course it differs entirely from any American dictionary. He said that it most certainly does, because the American pronunciation is vicious and intolerable. I asked him to bring a copy of the 'Imperial.' He brought one down from the library; and then I asked him to be kind enough to read the title page. He did so, and elicited to him, most novel and startling information that the 'Imperial' dictionary is the work of one Noah Webster. In other words, it is Webster's Dictionary worked over in two volumes, and cut down somewhat from the unabridged edition."

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Webster's Aneccotes of Benton.

Benton afterwards came to me and said: "Webster, that (procuring the reconciliation of Benton and John Wilson) was the kindest thing that you ever did. God bless you for sending John Wilson to me! That is one troublesome thing off my mind. That was kind, Webster. Let us get these things off our minds as fast as we can; we have not much longer to stay; we have got pretty near the end; we want to go into the presence of our Maker with as little of enmity in our hearts as possible."

"Well, sir; he cut the cards. Then I dealt."

"You dealt him a blow?"

"Oh, no; I dealt out the cards. Then we began to play. He threw down a King."

"What King did he throw down—what is Mr. King's name?"

"He threw down the king of spades, sir, and I took it."

"You took it ch? Did you take it kindly as an insult, or how? Did you take it and put it in your pocket?"

"Well Judge, if you can't play either you can't go into particulars. It was all in fun you see. We had a dispute about the last trick, and he called me a liar and ran out doors. I was trying to catch him when the officer here caught me. I'm very sorry, sir, and I hope this will be a great moral lesson to me never to—to—"

"To what?"

"To let a man outrun me after calling me such a name as that!"

"Charles Rich, I know nothing about the game of euchre," said the court after clearing his throat. "If a Congressman should want to sit down with me to while the time away, I would be a mere toy in his hands. I can't tell a Jack from a first base, nor an ace from a left-field. I'd be just as apt to carom on the red ball as to pass through the middle arch. I don't know whether it's white to play and mate in two moves or to see who can get into the King-row first. But Charles Rich, I do know that you are fined five dollars for disturbing the peace, and if the other man had been arrested, he'd have got the same fine from the same bottle."

"Webster," he replied, curiously, "don't you mention that to me—Anybody else—anybody; you may tell me to go and ask the pardon of a negro in jail, and I will go and do it. But I won't be reconciled to Calhoun—I won't sir! Calhoun is a humbug. I won't sir! anything to do with him—I won't sir! My mind is made up. Anybody else, departed."

Charles Rich wanted to explain how he was and when he got the word "go" he began:

"Well I and 'nother fellow sat down to play a game of euchre for the beer. I shuffled and he cut."

"Cut you with a knife, eh?" asked his Honor.

"Then sir; he cut the cards. Then I dealt."

We may possess earthly comforts, but must not be possessed by them; may use them as instruments to small, but not as lands for a crown. We may make them our encouragement but not our confidence; may use them as accessories and helps, but not look to them for our chief happiness.—Spurzheim.

There is a sort of natural instinct or human dignity in the heart of man which stirs his very nerves not to bend beneath the heavy blows of a great adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight; even so the character of man. There is no merit in it; it is a law of psychology. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often beat the characters of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with him from whose unerring hand it came.

It is a noble and a great thing to cover up the blemishes and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues from the house-top. It is an imitation of the charities of heaven, which, when the creature lies prostrate in the weakness of sleep and weariness, spreads the covering of night and darkness over it, to conceal that condition. But as soon as the spirits are refreshed, and nature rises to its morning vigor, God then tells the sun to rise and the day shine upon us, both to advance and to show that activity.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, FEB. 9TH, 1878.

Constitutive makes cowards of all."

A gentleman of one of the North-western States has written a letter to Mr. Harbold, of Rome, Ga., asking if one who was in Sherman's army would be safe in the South.

Nearly every day we see in some paper similar enquiries from people of the Non-Southern States. It is certain some of those yankees received so great a scathe in the war that they have not recovered from it to this day—more than thirteen years since the close of hostilities. They certainly must have become terribly demoralized during that frightful period. Not so with the Confederate soldiers. Immediately at the close of the war many of them went boldly and fearlessly to the Northern States and sought homes among their former enemies, and nobody ever heard of a poor frightened Confederate writing letters North to know if it would be safe for him to pull up stakes and settle there. Why this difference? We answer, not so much on account of the superior courage of the Southern soldier, as because of the callousness on his part that he had done the North so wrong by taking up arms; that he had only defended his own and that when in self defence, it became necessary for him to assume the aggressive and cross the border, he scrupulously respected private property and waged a civilized warfare. On the contrary the soldier of Sherman's army carries no such consciousness within him. In his innocent soul he knows he did a foul wrong to invade our country, lay waste our fair fields, burn the shelter from over our heads, maltreat our old men and outrage our women, and it is no wonder he feels his courage oozes from his fingers ends when he contemplates a settlement among the people he helped to destroy and in whose midst he played the part of an incarnate devil for four years. Again, he measures the Southern people by his own standard, and imagines they would visit retaliation upon him, but in this he is mistaken. The people of the South are not of those who can bear insults for thirteen years. When they fought they fought to kill, but with the smoke of the conflict al their resentments vanished. Immediately after the war one of Sherman's bummers would have been as safe in any part of the South as at his own fireside. The Southern soldier scrupulously regarded the terms of his parole and ceased the strife when he surrendered his arms. It was left to the men whose guilty consciences make them afraid to come among us, to keep alive the resentments and persecutions of the way.

Should all these Northern gentlemen who are so fearful of personal harm keep away from the South, it would perhaps be better for this country, for they might intermarry among us and, as Gen. Hill once said of the mass-backs, propagate a race of cowards in the South—a class that are happily scarce with us yet.

The remaining Returning Board racial, Madison Wells, is in jail in New Orleans. Joe Bradley has declined to take jurisdiction of their case on appeal and has let them at the mercy of the State courts. The trial of Anderson is still progressing. The way of the transgressor is hard.

A terrible stabbing affray occurred, we learn in Talladega some days ago. As two negroes were at the alter ready to be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, another negro stepped up and, drawing his knife, commanded the man to leave on pain of death, which he did. He then led the woman from the building and sheathed his knife in her breast nine times. Any one of the wounds would have killed her. After his horrible crime he called on the crowd to kill him and made no attempt to escape.

The Talladega Mountain Home proposes Hon. John T. Heflin, of Talladega for Governor.

We are in receipt of the *Daily Sun*, a new paper just issued at Montgomery under the management of J. M. Falkner. We wish it a most prosperous career.

The Montgomery "Sun" notes the fact that twenty-two gentlemen have been proposed for Governor.

Converting Produce into Cash

An exchange is showing that the farmer who is not a good salesman knows best his business, says: "It is one thing to grow crops, but it is quite another thing to convert those crops into money or to exchange them for articles of necessity on the farm. Some farmers seem to have a great deal of skill in doing the former, who are very unsuccessful when they attempt the latter. Men who have a natural faculty for trading generally get along well, while those who have no taste for it, not only dislike it, but "have no luck." Experience will prove a great help here as well as elsewhere. The young farmer especially should try to find a good market for crops. If he does not know how to sell them he should learn, for his success in farming will depend very much upon whether his products are sold for the highest or lowest market rates. The quality of the goods will have much to do with the price and ease with which they can be sold; but skill will always come in play, and while it may increase the price which superior articles will command, it will be of special value in working off the poor and medium grades. Intermediate products will generally sell cash, and the farmer should obtain them as far as possible; but the mass of the farmers are not of this description, and a skilled sales-man is needed to secure a fair price."

Any farmer in Calhoun can sell readily any produce he may have on hand by spending fifty cents with us and letting people know he has it through our "wanted" column.

THE NEXT SENATOR!

EDITOR OF JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.—In its number of State news, I find in a late number of the *Adv & Mail* the following paragraph taken from the *Talladega Mountain Home*:

"The four prominent candidates for U. S. Senator are Pugh, Walker, Sykes and Bradford. Of these, Pugh and, unless a compromise candidate sits in, will be the man who shall comprise the brace of Democratic Senators from Alabama in the next Congress."

Without intending in the slightest degree to impugn the motives of any one, or to detract from the strong "following" which is claimed for Mr. Pugh, I can but think your neighbor of the "Home" has fallen into a slight error in regard to the respective strength of the four prominent candidates for the U. S. Senate. At all events this is not the outlook from this part of the political vineyard.

Mr. Pugh, in point of experience, ability, integrity, statesmanship, and the peer of any of Alabama's gifted sons, but Mr. Walker, of South Alabama, and South Alabama has her Senator in the person of her honored Morgan, North Alabama desires to "comprise the brace of democratic Senators in the next Congress," with one from her own section—either Houston, Walker, Sykes or Bradford. All these gentlemen, like Mr. Pugh, are eminently qualified for the position, and "have done the State some service." But I had been led to suppose, after a careful survey of all the surroundings, that Mr. Bradford of Talladega, would, beyond all question, have the "strongest following" in this portion of the State, and particularly in the region of the "Mountain Home."

It is natural and right that it should be so. He is an able lawyer, a fluent, ready debater, extensively known in the State as a legislator of the highest average, and, perhaps, no one of his associates has had more to do with the cause of the South than he.

He has been the Senator, and

is now the Senator, and

will be the Senator, and

will be the Senator,

and

The Republican

LOCAL MATTERS.

BIG SHOW!

John Robinson Excelled!
Great European Eclipsed!
Shows in great variety of color, size and
style, comprising almost every species
from the cat to the elephant.
The best trained performing horses, goats,
lambds.

Vehicles in great variety, from a two
wheel chime to a train of cars.

The most celebrated band of music on instruments, from a common Jewsharp to a
and Piano.

The most renowned leapers, tumblers and
bare-back riders.

And undoubtedly the most beautiful
troop of ladies ever held in one collection.

The most beautiful feature of all is, you
see the whole troop, tastily arranged,
for the simple pains of going to

MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.
Or you can buy any portion of the grand
array for less money than you ever bought
such goods in your life.

Call soon before they are picked at the
RED STORE.

Well, Well.

Who would ever have thought that \$3.00
would have bought a brand new SADDLE?

My friend it is even so—go to

MADDOX & PRIVETT.

A few 50 lbs. CANS OF LARD at the
Red Store, will be sold CHEAP by the can,
or retailed at fair price.

Glassware

In great variety at
MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.
Goblets at 50c per set;
Tumblers 35c "

Go to MADDOX & PRIVETT to buy
your CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Go to MADDOX & PRIVETT to get your
GROCERIES.

Go to MADDOX & PRIVETT to get your HAR-
NESS, SADDLES or BRIDLES—CHEAP.

The 200 acre tract of land lying 7
miles northeast of Jacksonville on the
Gothen-Centre road, advertised for
some time in our real estate column, is
longer advertised, the same having been
sold to Mr. D. J. PRIVETT of this place, at the advertised price.

Our considerate Representative in Con-
gress, GEN. W. H. FORNEY has our
thanks for a copy of the Report of the
U. S. Fish Commission, on the propa-
tion of food fishes of the United States.

A correspondent of the Cherokee Ad-
vertiser, suggests Hon. W. H. Forney of
this place for next Governor of Alabama.

We will distribute by lot two silver
dollars to the first ten of our subscribers
who pay up their subscription dues, toward
the sum to the lucky ones and publish their names. We will also give two
silver dollars to any one who sends us five
cash subscribers at two dollars each.

Offer open until received.

MORE BLOODED STOCK.—Capt. Jas.
Crook, in addition to his pure blood
Deer, has just received, a "car and"
of pure Angora goats, which he will put
on his stock farm.

The attendance at Calhoun College is
constantly on the increase. Monday of this
week one hundred and seven pupils
were in attendance.

The Thorne Troops.

After playing here Monday, Tuesday
and Wednesday nights, (the last night
at the special request of the audience)
of the two nights previous) have gone
to Oxford and Tadlage, where we
hope they may meet with large audiences.

It is but simple justice to say it is
the best company that has ever visited
this place. MR. THORNE, in the role of
Rip Van Winkle is said to be second only
to Joe Jefferson, and is certainly very
fine. Miss MEYER is equally good in
the character of Gretchen. Both are
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During their stay they played
"Punch," "Rip Van Winkle" and
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There is nothing in their performances
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their interest to visit Jacksonville again
in which event we give the assurance of
full houses every night during their stay
be long or short.

Why They Often Fall.

Young men often fail to get on in this
world because they neglect small opportuni-
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charge of greater things.

A young man who gets a subordinate
situation sometimes thinks it is not nec-
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He will wait till he gets a place of re-
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and perform all its duties faithfully.

I'm liable of doing his work thor-
oughly and conscientiously is what is most
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only ordinary abilities would outstrip one
of greater talents who is in the habit of
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But, after all, the more adoption by
a young man of this great essential
rule of success, shows him to be possessed
of superior abilities.

Roll of Honor.

The following named gentlemen have
paid subscriptions to the Republican,
since our last report:

G. W. Loyd, W. R. Hubbard,
Dr. J. F. Walker, V. L. Weir,
J. B. Broughton, Rev. J. M. Webster
A. L. Young, W. F. Wells,
J. W. Ford, W. B. Bass,
Capt. W. Carpenter G. W. Boggs,
K. J. Bales, Col. R. H. Paris,
J. L. Turk, W. D. Dohard,
J. W. White-side, Rev. C. A. Allday,
Rev. J. T. Wilkins, Rev. C. A. Hicks,
B. G. McClellan, Crawford McDaniel.

Prof. BULKLEY intends to apply for
a patent for his pneumatic pressure meter.
He is well satisfied that if it does
not produce a revolution in the trans-
portation of freight and passengers it
will be for the reason that he will fail to
procure the necessary assistance to prove
by actual practical demonstration that
he can by means of his invention trans-
port both passengers and freight with
safety at the rate of one thousand miles
per hour. Quite a number of our citizens
who have seen his model and its
performances believe there is a great
merit in his invention. Poverty alone
seeks him back from the realization
of all the wonderful things he
claims that his meter can achieve. We
heartily wish him great success. We
don't wish to go on the trial trip at
the speed he proposes to travel.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden
changes of temperature—rain, wind and
sunshine often intermingled in a single day,—
it is no wonder that our children, friends
and relatives are so frequently taken from
us by neglectful colds, full the deaths result-
ing directly from this cause. A bottle of
Bosche's German Syrup kept about your
home for immediate use will prevent serious
sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps
death, by the use of three or four doses.
For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages,
Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup or any
disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success
is simply wonderful, as your druggist will
tell you. German Syrup is now sold in ev-
ery town and village on this continent
Sample bottles for trial 10c; regular size 75c.
Sold by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville.

A Cool Mother.

A few days ago a lady in the Sixth Ward
was making blouses for her children. While removing the melted liquid from the
stone, her little boy, in his haste to obtain
the oil, upset the dish over her hand,
burning her in a frightful manner. She
immediately wrapped her hand up in a cotton
handkerchief and saturated it with a
bottle of Wadsworth's Pain Paint, and
the pain was wonderfully relieved. The
soothing effect was so rapid that she
stopped all pain in a very short time, but
her hand did not even blister, and the next
day was apparently as well as ever, with
the exception of two small places where the
skin was actually burned off at the time of
the accident. She says that with this remedy,
she never fails in removing Headache,
Toothache and Neuralgia within a few
minutes by an external application, besides
curing Rheumatism, Healing Ulcers and sore
of long standing, without causing any pain
or inflammation. It is a safe and
reliable medicine.

This remedy—Wadsworth's Pain Paint—
has been before the public for many years
and is well known for its remarkable
powers as a healing agent. For the benefit of
our readers we would say that this Medicine
is manufactured by R. L. Wadsworth, 30 Cornhill
Street, New York, and is sold by all
druggists.

When this new paint can be bought for
\$1.50, and 2 lbs. containing M. Shuck's
New Patent Balsam Overstring Sealant,
which is the highest kind of asphaltum
ever put into a square piano-case for \$2.00
we ought to have a similar
product in this country,
producing a very cooling and soothing effect
on all inflamed surfaces.

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Offer open until received.

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a young man of this great essential
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A Queer Question of Identity.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER seems
to have found his match, and rather
than his match, in the art
in which he most excels—that of
cutting personal viseguration. Major
A. E. BURKE, of New Orleans,
whom Chandler interrogated by
telegraph respecting a certain mem-
orandum of a conference last Febru-
ary at Wormley's Hotel, in Washington,
sent back a reply which is a curious specimen of par-
rying by a rapid succession of home thrusts. Burke made a ludicrous
affection of ignorance as to what particular Chandler it was
that had honored him with a com-
munication by telegraph, and returned a series of mock inquiries to ascertain the identity of his correspondents. It is very much as if
Schuyler Colfax had manifested his virtuous indignation respecting the doings of the Texas Pacific Railroad lobby, and received in reply to an application for documentary proof a string of questions like these:—"Pray, what Colfax are you? Are you the same Schuyler Colfax that was once Speaker of the House and became the mysterious owner of Credit Mobilier stock while holding that office? Are you the same Schuyler Colfax who was afterward Vice President and disgraced himself by swearing before a committee of investigation that he had never owned such stock? Are you the same Christian statesman that was driven out of public life and politically ruined by the exposure of those transactions?" We imagine that in such a case Mr. Colfax would not be particularly anxious to establish his identity, and that the idea might flash upon him that he was not the fittest person in the court to pique an investigation of Colonel Scott's alleged railroad lobby.

This is precisely such a mess as the unfortunate Chandler has got himself into. Had he been wise he would have subsided after the humiliation put upon him by the Republi-
can State Convention of New Hampshire, which was like an extinguisher put upon a flaring candle. Since William Lloyd Garrison took compassion on him and lifted the extinguisher the smoke and smell with which Chandler has filled the country has been the reverse of agreeable, and nobody will be sorry that Burke has used a ladle of sewer water upon the offensive wick. Chandler telegraphed a request for a "certain writing supposed to be in Burke's possession." First satisfy me as to your identity," replied the wizened Burke. "Are you the Chandler that Andrew Johnson kicked out of the office of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for corrupt complicity with the carpet-baggers? Are you the Chandler that corruptly established a bogus Legislature in Louisiana in 1872? Are you the Chandler that took a fee of three thousand dollars from Kelllogg? Are you the Chandler that conspired with the Returning Board, in 1876, to throw out twelve thousand democratic votes?" The day after he was born, he was a
specimen of a long series of specimens of the like sort, and which go to show that Chandler is the last person in the country who should busy himself with the exposure of election frauds perpetrated in Louisiana. Without inquiring Burke impartial persons will be apt to conclude that poor Chandler has been pretty well snuffed out by a sharper and cheekier man than himself.—N. Y. HERALD.

A Very Grateful Fact.

To-day the State Treasurer will con-
siderately pay the ordinary expenses of
the state government in Federal currency.
This marks an era in the financial history of the State. It has been nearly twelve years since anything else than our "State money" could be issued to pay those who labored in the public service. "Horse-shoe" and "Potion money" were the best that any public servant could hope to get, and these, as well known, were sometimes away down in the sixties and seventies. Under the present prudent and efficient ad-
ministration the faith of the people in State money, has grown to complete confidence, and "Horse shoe" and "Potion" in their hands, are now quite as valuable and serviceable every way as the greenbacks themselves. That the Treasurer should be able to handle great sums of money is a most gratifying fact. We heartily congratulate the people upon this happy advancement of their State from the dismal condition into which it languished at the date of the final departure of recklessness, mismanagement and dishonesty from the seat of government.

At present receive 15 Jefferson, and is now perfectly cured by the use of this remedy. Mr. Allard's post office is Gladstone, No. 50 Broad Street, New York, and the contents of most of the ledger scattered from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida will be testimony.

The Chicago Ledger is a large

and well-known paper.

Its editor, Mr. T. H. Thompson, is a man of great ability and knowledge, and is well known throughout the country.

He is a good writer and a good editor.

He is a good reporter and a good

newspaper man.

He is a good editor and a good

newspaper man.

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He

Archibald Forbes.

This gentleman, the Bulgarian reporter of the London *News*, has had an eventful life. Here are some of his adventures in his profession. In a recent interview he said: "I crossed the channel to join the Crown Prince of Saxony's army. I determined to throw over all literary pretensions, and henceforth adopt the telegram style of writing—two words and a full stop. All that I did I did through sheer audacity. I was the first man that entered Paris after the siege. I got wind of the surrender, slipped through the Porte de Chappelle on a stout butcher's nag, and rode straight down the Boulevard Magenta, though it was crowded with drunken National Guards. I never did a riskier thing. I wandered all night about the streets of the famine-stricken city, ate for breakfast the last leg of chicken in Paris, got my passport vouchsafed at the American embassy, slipped back along the boulevards, was stopped at the gates by one of our own German troops, was rescued by a friendly officer, caught the only train running to the frontier, wrote my dispatch in the car, and arrived at Strasbourg too late, for the telegraph office was closed for the night. That was a blow. I found out where the clerk lived, rang at his door, brought him down in his nightcap, produced the belt or sovereigns which I carried round my waist and offered to pay twenty francs a word for the message. He dressed himself, went to consult the authorities, and returned after an hour to say that we would take the dispatch, at the usual night rates. It contained 1400 words. It appeared in the *Daily News* next morning, and I got back to our lines in time to enter Paris with the first battalion that passed the Arc de Triomphe—the first man that entered Paris and the second."

"I thought," said a skeptic of the party, "that telegraph offices in France were open all night."

"During the war, sir," said Mr. Forbes, with asperity, "they were scarcely ever open in the day. That was my main difficulty. When we lay before Metz, the German commanders said, 'Let nothing pass out of camp.' Nevertheless all their movements, all their plans, all the officers' conversations, all the festivities, even the program of music which the band played at mass, appeared next morning in the *News*. They were dumbfounded. The truth was I had suborned a country telegraph master and lived outside the camp, so as to send him my message. At last I was detected and new precautions were taken. One night a joke went rippling around the mess-table, and an old Colonel shouted out my name, 'Thunder and lightning,' sir," he said, "you won't put that in your paper to-morrow!" I said nothing, but escaped at an early hour from the table. My servants met me with the news that the usual lines of communication were blocked. I had my two horses saddled and rode off at full gallop on one of them, leading the other by the bridle. After going twelve miles at high pressure, I changed mounts, left the first at a roadside inn, and reached the town of Thionville, twenty-five miles from our camp, in time to transmit my daily dispatch, the Colonel's joke and all."

"And what do you consider your masterpiece of generalship?" asked Rattle.

"My last exploit before leaving England?" he replied. "I went down to Falmouth to meet the *Warrior* (ironclad), having on board the single survivor of that wrecked vessel, whose crew were adrift in a boat for eight days, and ate two of their comrades. Falmouth was full of correspondents, so I put up in a pot-house outside the town, and engaged the only steamer there was in the place. I waited three days, and on the night of the third, I was playing a quiet game of billiards, when in walks one of the correspondents."

"Hello, Forbes," says he in astonishment, "you here?"

"Ten minutes afterward came word that the *Warrior* was sighted. My tug at once put out, and we lay quietly in the harbor, burning no lights. Presently a dark mass loomed upon us, and hoots arose.

"Forbes, Forbes I say, come. Come, no shamming. We know you are there."

"But I kept quite silent, and remembered, with no little vexation, that a second tug had arrived in the harbor that morning. At length the *Warrior* appeared. We steered toward her, and as she passed, I sprang for her chains, and was dragging in the ship's wake up to my waist in water. However, I got on deck. I ran down to the steward and offered him £5 to bring my man into the cabin. He did so, and locked the door. Then I offered £50 to the poor devil of a shipwrecked sailor in exchange for his story. He began it and I scribbled away.

"Ten minutes later came a violent rapping."

"Let us in, Forbes," said the well-known voices."

"But I only wrote the harder. At last an officer appeared and insisted on my coming on deck. There I found the Captain in a towering passion.

"What the—do you mean, sir, by boarding my ship like that?" he demanded."

"I offered him my credentials and excuses, and finally we were put aboard the tug, including the shipwrecked mariner.

"The correspondents at first wanted to fight me, but I squared up to them with one arm, still clinging to my prize with the other. Having landed, I hurried him to the station, and there met my clerk, who had been sent to reserve a railway carriage. He was white with rage and mortification. Unable to speak, he led the way to my reserved compartment. Outside, it was locked at both doors. Inside, it contained four correspondents, comfortably ensconced in the four corners. They had waited when the rest went aboard the tug, and had climbed in through the windows!"

AGRICULTURE.

A NEW USE FOR STRAW.—While in the northern part of France recently, a case came to my notice of a new use which, if applied here, may be of vast service to wheat growers. An intelligent farmer there tried the experiment of spreading a light covering of it on his wheat land after the grain was sown, thinking that the growing stalks would find its way through, and that during the growth of July and August, which almost invariably occurs, would act as a mulch and be beneficial to his crop. In this he was mistaken, for the average on that ten acres was forty bushels to the acre, while on the same kind of land adjoining, with the same seed sown and as carefully put in, the yield was but twenty-two bushels to the acre. The increase was thus nearly double, while the straw was in excellent condition to turn under this fall, and a double benefit secured.

In this year the objection we see to the plan is that the winds of spring might sweep the straw into heaps and otherwise disarrange it, but this might be remedied by applying it after the wheat has come up. A temporary check would doubtless be given to the stalk, but it would soon come through and grow the more vigorously afterward.

PLANTING TREE SEED.—Farmers would generally find the growing of certain trees profitable, as locusts for fence posts, a thousand perhaps to the acre. Locust seeds may be planted in the spring. If put into the ground in the spring, they must be scalded before planting, to soften the shells which are so hard that but few will grow unless hot water is poured over them. As each seed requires half in the ground all winter. All trees of the kind we have mentioned may be grown in beds in the garden, but as they throw out such strong tap roots and so few lateral rootlets, it is best to plant the seeds where they are wanted to grow. If sowed in a bed, they should be dug up when one year old and reset; the tap-root being cut off to cause it to throw out roots in the surface. This is a slow process requiring but two years.

A HOUSEHOLD FRUIT DRYER.—A Michigan man has invented a fruit evaporator, which is a simple addition to the cold storage. The dryer is made of a tin pan, which may be from three to six, eight or ten feet long, as may suit the convenience of the room in which it is used. The kitchen stove, in which it is made so that it covers one end of the surface of an ordinary cook stove, as it rests on and operates by the heat of the stove. The cover is made of a cast iron plate, which is bolted to the stove, and a cast made of the whole model, with a thin coating of paint, which makes a fresh wall of clay close about the model. To preserve the necessary sharpness and avoid bubbles, and bare places, the first layer of plaster poured upon the model should be as thin as possible, and a soft pencil be employed to remove bubbles and bring it into contact with the edges and cavities. Thick plaster is next poured upon this and finally the thin sediment can be scraped off upon the rest and smoothed off. In a short time it can be removed from the model, the sides being scraped, and all carefully dried. Before making a cast from this model the separate parts are placed together, after oiling, backed up and adjusted with clay walls, etc.

CHOWDER.—Fry brown several slices of pork; cut each fish into five or six pieces, dour, and place a layer of them in your pork fat; sprinkle on a little pepper and salt; add cloves, mace and sliced onions; if liked lay on bits of the fried pork and crackers soaked in cold water. Repeat this until you put in all the fish, turn on just water enough to cover the fish, and boil for about twenty minutes, taking the fish out and mashing the bones of flour with a little water and stir it into the gravy, adding a little pepper and butter. A tulip of wine, caper, and spiced will improve it. Cod and bass make the best chowder. In making clam chowder the hard part of the clams should be cut off and rejected.

MINIATURE BREAD PUDDING.—1 pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread crumbs, 4 eggs, 2 oz. of butter, sugar to taste, 2 table-spoonsfuls of brandy, 1 teaspoonful of finely minced lemon peel. Make the milk boiling, pour it on to the bread crumbs, and let them soak for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Beat the eggs, mix these with the bread crumbs, and the remaining ingredients, stirring all until the mixture is thoroughly mixed. Butter some small cups; rather more than half fill them with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven from 20 minutes to $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and serve with sweet sauce. A few currants may be added to these puddings; about 3 oz. will be found sufficient for 4 above quantity.

PUTTING THE FARM IMPLEMENTS AWAY.—The time for using the various farm implements is over for this season, and every farmer should carefully clean, oil, and put them under shelter until next season. There is real economy in this, for such care will make them last two or three crop seasons longer, and they will be in their places ready and always in good condition for service. Very many farmers look well enough after the large matters on the farm, but the neglect of these little details is what usually entails heavy expenses in the long run.

SHELTER.—It is absolute necessary that animals should be sheltered from damp cold, the reason why pigs and other animals in the winter months is, that the food is largely used in keeping up the vital heat, which is now given off in excess and lost. This loss is prevented, animals will often sit on one of them, leading the other by the bridle. After going twelve miles at high pressure, I changed mounts, left the first at a roadside inn, and reached the town of Thionville, twenty-five miles from our camp, in time to transmit my daily dispatch, the Colonel's joke and all."

"And what do you consider your masterpiece of generalship?" asked Rattle.

"My last exploit before leaving England?" he replied. "I went down to Falmouth to meet the *Warrior* (ironclad), having on board the single survivor of that wrecked vessel, whose crew were adrift in a boat for eight days, and ate two of their comrades. Falmouth was full of correspondents, so I put up in a pot-house outside the town, and engaged the only steamer there was in the place. I waited three days, and on the night of the third, I was playing a quiet game of billiards, when in walks one of the correspondents."

Electricity as a Horse Tamer.—Professor R. H. Tapp recently sought to tame the singular horse Cognac, known as the "man-eater," with the newly invented electric bit. The bit is designed to subdue fiery steeds, and particularly to arrest a runaway horse by suddenly intensifying his excitement with a sharp shock of electricity. The battery is carried in the coat pocket and the current transmitted by means of brass buttons on the driver's gloves, to a wire in the reins, and in that manner to the animal's mouth. There was a fair attendance of persons anxious to see how the carnivorous Cognac would act under the new influence. While the bit was being arranged in the brute's mouth he evinced a fierce desire to mystify the adventurous Professor by snapping at him viciously. When the arrangement had been perfected the Professor completed the circuit by touching the brass button to the rein and the horse reared up convulsively, as if startled suddenly by a pistol shot. The movement was instantaneous and the horse resumed his normal position with a bewildered look. The second shock prodded him still higher and excited the equine ire. He seized the rein in his mouth and darted at the electrician, who skipped out of the way, however, and the horse's assault was checked by a rope passed around the centre pole. He was then treated to a succession of shocks, which turned his rage to frenzy. He foamed and snorted in his mad endeavor to trample the Professor under foot until his hide was in a lather. After a few moments the battery was withdrawn and the animal became quiet as a lamb, probably from exhaustion. The electricity appeared to have made him wilder while it was being applied, and its utility as an adjunct to a pleasure buggy is, to say the least, questionable. The Professor claimed to have quelled the horse in some degree, although some doubtful ones in the assemblage wanted him to insert his head in the animal's mouth as a satisfactory test.

An open Letter.—It speaks for itself. *ROCKPORT, Mass., April 2d, 1877.*

Mr. Editor: Having read in your paper of the remarkable case of the man who "knew nothing about it" and I fancy the author of the article did not make (two dollar grinders) he would be gratified to know that

in the papers. For 26 years I suffered with catarrh, "dust," "ashes," "halitosis," and "dust," though at intervals I would snap up the so-called catarrh cure, and apply it for such as this. I gradually grew worse, until I was a miserable being. I was sicked over my eyes, and I could not sleep for many successive nights. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me, but it did not kill me. I was relieved, but remained sick for over sixteen months. With the advice of Dr. Cather Remond, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Remedy. I kept my liver active and bowel movements regular, and I was soon well again. I have since had no trouble with catarrh, and am now in full health.

The Correspondents, as you will see, do not mention this, but I have the same means of relief, this letter will have answered its purpose. Yours truly,

DR. R. REMICK.

DOMESTIC.**SCIENTIFIC.**

SETTLING COFFEE.—This can be done without anything being put into the coffee to settle it. It only wants to be known how to handle it. Put your ground coffee into the coffee-pot, and add cold water sufficient for use, if but a few cups are wanted. Set on the stove and let it remain until the boiling point is reached, but in no case boil it. This requires some waiting toward the last, so as to get it off a few minutes before boiling than have it boil up immediately when set off to stir the surface with a spoon. This can be done two or three times in as many minutes. Then let it rest. In about ten minutes' time it will all be sunk to the bottom and fit to pour out. Where more than a few cups are wanted, more water (hot) may be added when the coffee-pot is removed from the stove, or hot water may be used to fill the pot. In this way the coffee is clear and sparkling and is of equal importance, it will retain all its fine flavor and exhilarating properties, which had been boiled, would have been thrown off. By particular in carrying out directions to letter. You will soon get the "hang" of it, and thank us for the directions, simple as they are.

A NEW RIDDLE ANSWER.—"See here, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe watermelon and a rotten cabbage?"

"It's the taste," said Parker. "I've never had a rotten cabbage."

"Then you'd be a mighty nice man

to send after a watermelon, you would," remarked the quizzier as he moved on.

The wedge-shaped pieces that are to form the vertical part of the rosette are cast first and are three inches wide, a strip of clay being used to form the base of the second (one side of No. 1 forms the side of No. 2), and one side of the third, for this is bounded on two sides by Nos. 1 and 2.

Each part of the mould must be varnished and greased or oiled before a second part is cast in contact with it, to insure separation when dry. The surface of the model is again carefully oiled and a cast made of the whole model, with a thin coating of paint, which makes a fresh wall of clay close about the model.

DR. G. W. BENSON'S CLEVER & CHAMOIS SKINS.—Are prepared to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, etc. Price 50c postage free. Sold by all Druggists. Office, No. 105 N. Euclid, Baltimore.

SKIN DISEASES.

All those troublesome skin diseases, namely, Eczema, Ulcer, Erysipelas, Acne, etc., that are so smutty and annoying, are quickly and effectively cured by the simple application of *Heskell's Tincture Ointment*, a remedy that proved itself a perfect healer in healing many hundred cases of disease that had resisted all other treatment, even that of the best professional talent of the country. It only needs a trial to prove its virtues. Sold by Geo. H. Walker, M. D., Staunton, Va.

THROAT, SKIN, STOMACH AND UTERINE DISEASES.

Don't fail to procure *Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP* for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the infant pain, eases wind and regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

MOTHERS, MOTHERS, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure *Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP* for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the infant pain, eases wind and regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

WHAT A SAY.

"What got me there, I don't know," he returned with a look more

more like an illiterate man at a cross-roads guide board.

"Then you'd be a mighty nice man

to send after a watermelon, you would," remarked the quizzier as he moved on.

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Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XI.

THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

D. F. & L. W. GRANT.

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A. WOODS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

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BRADFORD & STEVENSON,

Attorneys-at-Law

AND

Solicitors in Chancery.

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M. J. TURNLEY,

Attorney-at-Law

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

GADSden, ALA.

W.M. HAMES.

J. M. CALDWELL.

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No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

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No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Leave associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business referred to them in the counties of the 12th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.

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Orders by mail will receive due attention.

TERMS CASH.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2131.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

AN INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the mighty deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this boast I'll keep—
The independent farmer.

When first the rose in robes of green
Untold its crimson lining,
The honeysuckle climbing;
When banks of bloom their sweethearts yield

A vivid color came into the brown
Heek of the housekeeper, and her manner
showed evident embarrassment.

"I thought—I believe—I cannot—" stopped.

He did not notice it. His mind had already turned to other things. He rose.

"It's all settled, I believe. By the way," his eye falling on the rusty black dress, "you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so."

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars that he gave her; and the words she would have said, were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her courteously.

"Good morning, madam."

"I cannot starve. I must go. I can keep up my disguise," she murmured.

Mr. Dayton, accompanied by a friend, arrived at his country house the middle of the ensuing week. Everything within and about the house was in perfect order. If the new housekeeper had made a few mistakes at first, they were soon rectified. Every room that she had touched showed a magical change.

For predecessor had been one of the kind who believed in the sunlight never entering a room for fear of fading the carpets.

Mr. Dayton felt the change without knowing the reason of it. He looked around him with a satisfied air.

It was not possible to find fault with the variety and quality of the food placed before them, nor the manner of its being served; and the table appointments were perfect; and Dayton congealed himself upon having secured such a jewel of a housekeeper.

The weeks passed, and a holiday came. Mr. Dayton had gone to town the day previous, to remain the rest of the week. The housekeeper had given permission to the servants to go also. She felt a welcome relief to have the house and day to herself. She locked the doors carefully after the last servant. She would make the most of her day. She would have no dinner, only a lunch. She had almost forgotten her real character in that which she had assumed; but to-day she could be her self without fear of intrusion or discovery.

Mr. Dayton, however, did not seem to notice, though he had given her one curious glance, instantly withdrawn, and he continued:

"For instance, respecting matrimony, whose advice of so much value as a mother's? Who so quick to see through character, and make a good selection? Had you a son, whom about here would you select for a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin?"

"I am not acquainted with any of the young ladies, Mr. Dayton," she answered, faintly, after a pause, during which he seemed to wait for an answer.

She laid aside her cap and grey dresses, washed the stain from her skin, and arranged her luxuriant hair in becoming curls and donned a pretty, fresh muslin, which fitted well the slight graceful figure. This done, she entered the parlor and stood before the mirror, as attractive a figure as one would often see.

"Truly, I have forgotten my own looks! I am Kate Franklin, after all!" she laughed.

Removed from the long restraint, her spirits rebounded. She felt gay, light-hearted, and like committing any foolishness.

"Miss Franklin," she said, in the mincing, affecting tones of an exquisite, "it would be inexpressible pleasure to hear the music of that long silent voice."

"It would be a great pity to deprive you of it then," she answered in her natural voice, "and myself also," she added; and going to the piano she opened it and played a few pieces with exquisite taste and skill, and then she sang song after song, in a sweet, clear, cultivated voice. She chose at first the brilliant and triumphant, then the sad and plaintive succeeded. There were tears in her eyes when she rose. But to-day her moods were capricious.

"Mrs. Franklin, who is playing on the piano?" she asked in an excellent imitation of Mr. Dayton's voice.

"It is only I, sir, dusting the keys. They need dusting so often," she replied, in Mrs. Franklin's mature tones; and she dusted them vigorously with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Yes, it is true," she murmured, faintly.

"I confess I fail to see what object. My heart you could hardly expect to gain in that character."

"Your heart!" she repeated scornfully. "I had no such laudable ambition; I had never seen or heard of you till I saw your advertisement. Would you like to know for what purpose I took upon me a disguise so repugnant? You shall." To save myself from starvation. I had eaten but one meal a day for a week when I applied to you, and was suffering with hunger then. My money was all gone, except a few pennies, with which to buy a roll of bread for the next day's meal, and I had no prospects of more, for I had been refused further sewing. But why should you find fault?" her pride rising.

"What matter if I were Miss or Mrs. Franklin, old or young, if I fulfilled the duties I undertook? Have I not taken good care of your house? Have I not, from the exercise, her splendid hair disarranged?

"I believe I feel like stiff, old Mrs. Franklin, with whom dancing doesn't agree."

"Davenport? — Robert Davenport? I know them. All right. If convenient, you will please go to-morrow, Mrs. Franklin, or the next day. I shall not come till the middle of next week, and probably bring a friend or two with me. Have the chambers in the center and wings prepared, if you please. The housekeeper there now will not leave until Saturday. She will show you round."

"Ah," she laughed, yet half sadly, "the compliments poor old housekeeper Franklin receives, I hope won't quite spoil her, and turn her silly old head."

She sat down again at the piano, and

sang "Home, Sweet Home," then played one of Beethoven's grandest, and solemn pieces.

She arose and closed the piano.

"The carnival is ended. Kate Franklin disappears from the scene, and Madame Franklin enters."

Neither Mr. Dayton nor the servants would have suspected, from the placid and dignified deportment of the housekeeper when they returned at evening, of what strange freak she had been guilty of.

The housekeeper, as usual, when Mr. Dayton was alone, sat at the table, it had commenced to rain violently, and the weather had grown suddenly cold.

Mr. Dayton, as he had done occasionally, invited her to the library, where a cheerful fire burned in the grate. He read the letters and papers which he had brought with him from town, while she knitted.

An hour or more passed in silence; indeed, the housekeeper seldom spoke except when asked a question. At length Mr. Dayton looked up at her and said abruptly:

"You must be a lonely life, madam. If it is not a painful subject, may I ask how long since you lost your husband?"

Two hands suspended their employment, two eyes looked up at him with an alarmed expression. In his serious, sympathetic countenance there was nothing to frighten or embarrass, but the red grew deeper on her brown cheek.

"It is a painful subject," she said at last, faltering. "If you will please excuse me."

One morning he was speaking of the great loss to children in being deprived of their parents.

"I never knew a mother," he said. "She died before my earliest recollection. I believe that man as I am, if I had a mother, I should go to her with all my griefs, as a little child would. I have sometimes thought of asking you to act as mother in the quiet evenings, when I have longed to confide in some one. My mother would have been about your age, I think."

Kate Franklin read this in the paper, lay it down, and went to the window to look out.

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The Republican.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1877.

The Greenback Link.

Elsewhere we publish the proceedings of the Greenback Club recently formed in Beat No. 8 of this county. So far as we know all the signers—with possibly one exception—are Democrats, and all are good citizens of the country.

Whether the design be to form a new party, or only to work for the reforms set forth in the platform, inside the Democratic party, we are not advised. If the step they have taken be with the latter view we are with them to a great extent, and will cheerfully co-operate with them so far as our judgment tells us is for the best interest of the working people of the country. We are not ashamed to confess that we belong to that class, and are in earnest sympathy with it in every fibre of our being. We know its struggles. We know its battles; and God knows we would hazard anything and shrink from no sacrifice to lighten those burdens and make life brighter and more hopeful for the men who labor.

The great mass of the people of this country have just cause of complaint against the bondholders and a Radical Congress that recorded their decrees and made their plunder of the people possible. We give one instance of their dealing with the people. During seven years from and including 1862 to 1868 the Government sold one million, eight hundred and seventy-four million, eight hundred and thirty-six thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars in bonds for greenbacks. These bonds were originally payable in greenbacks, but in 1869 a Radical Congress gratuitously pledged itself to redeem them in coin, thereby taking from the pockets of the people to the bondholders the then difference between greenbacks and coin, which a mounted to the enormous sum of six hundred and twenty-six million, three hundred and seventy thousand, three hundred and twenty-two dollars, or enough to run our State Government and pay interest on our public debt, without the collection of one cent of taxes from the people, for six hundred and thirty years. Not content with this gigantic robbery, they procured through Congress the denunciation of silver, thus reducing the volume of coin one half and reaped added profits in the consequent rise of gold. They have from the beginning received gold interest on these bonds at the high rate of six per cent, and never have been taxed on them one cent, while the laborer, who is taxed to raise this interest, pays with trifling exceptions, on everything he owns upon the face of the earth, everything he consumes in life, and every article that enters into his burial outfit.

This is a specimen of the way they have managed to feather their nests since the democratic party has been out of power and that most corrupt combination of colosses known as the Radical party has had the reins of government. The democratic party since it has come only partially into power has shown a disposition to undo this great wrong, as evidenced by the passage of the silver recompensation bill and kindred measures. This is a back step in the right direction, and when it is accomplished the party will be ready for the next, which will be to go back to the original contract; and when the time comes we shall do our humble part toward urging the party to this just time of action. So far we are with our friends, and we are heartily with them in advocacy of the abolition of the National banks. Here too we find the democratic party coming up to popular demands. A bill has been introduced in Congress by influential members composing a sub-committee of the House, leading to this end. But when they say all bonds must be paid in greenbacks, we are not with them. We believe when we lack justice we ought to do justice. Many of the bonds were bought with gold and the holders ought to be paid in gold. The government was without credit at home and abroad. The picture, indeed, was discouraging. Our thousands of the people were compelled to remove from the country which had given them shelter in the front. Nothing shows the greater helplessness of the state so well as its own obligations among its own people. Now what is the case after so short a period of democratic administration? The salaries of officers have been reduced, taxes are lower, property is increasing in value, the enterprises corporate and individual are flourishing, the government can pay its way and state obligations have gone up to par.

If the people want to change this let them do it. Let them demand pledges, hundreds will make them for office and hold them to keep them when they once get control. But we assert that those who have done what has been done for the past four years for this state have given evidence that they are worthy to be trusted again.

The Democratic party is surely though largely organized, has a regular majority of half a million, and is dead certain to win the race in 1880 if the independent Greenback party does not acquire such proportions in the meantime as to destroy that majority and defeat it. The Greenback party is growing very fast. Its voters are counted by the hundred thousand and it has one hundred and sixty newspapers. In the North and West it will probably draw about equally from both parties. In the South it can only draw from the Democratic party. The policy of the South is to continue solidly Democratic at least until after the election of 1880, when a Democratic Administration will be elected. If that Administration does not give the old asked, it will be strong enough then to quit it, and we will be among the first to join a new departure, for we will not affiliate with a party that will impose a monopoly at the expense of the telling millions of the country. We trust our friends of Beat 8 will take this view of the matter, and will hold fast to their allegiance to that party which acknowledged the Greenback link. It is in the interest of the people to do this, and we trust our friends of Beat 8 will take this view of the matter, and will hold fast to their allegiance to that party which acknowledged the Greenback link.

—
Aschile E. Eads.

The Granger in the Kentucky Assembly means to tolerate the lawyer there.

This is gathered from a master speech of a rural member: "I follow agricultural pursuit," said he, "and I am proud of it. But I have nothing against lawyers, the class that my honorable friend represents. I am an old Methodist preacher who, when he went around to the members of his congregation, came across an old man who said, 'Do you love the Lord?' and I said, 'Yes,' she says, 'parson, I'

He asked: "Well, she says, 'parson, I'

and I said, 'Yes,' she said, 'then'

The publisher of a weekly newspaper in Illinois prints each issue a chapter of the Bible, and none being violated for it by his contemporaries, remarks editorially: "We publish nothing but what is true to our readers."

It is amusing to note what a change has taken place in certain papers at the East when referring to General M. C. Butler. Before his views on finance were known, he was called "Hambone" by his friends, but now he is "Senator" Butler, and who are accomplishing much good

the Greenback club has no other significance than a desire through this means to impress their views upon their party.

A Striped Suit For One.

This is now the second session of CALHOUN COUNTY COLLEGE, under its present organization, and the Principal seeks this opportunity to return thanks to his patrons for their co-operation in the discipline and government of his pupils; and, that his plans may be more thoroughly understood, he deems it proper, at this time, to declare his purposes more fully and at greater length than he has done heretofore.

The College building is large, convenient and comfortable, and well adapted to the purposes intended, and situated upon the highest point of one of the many hills in the picturesque village of Jacksonville, the county seat of Calhoun county. Efforts are being made to furnish the entire building with new and elegant furniture of the best and most approved patterns; and, when done, our entire building and fixtures will be models of comfort and elegance. The grounds embraces an area of twelve acres, covering the crest of the hill, from the base of which flows one of the largest and finest springs in the State. The grounds are also watered by pipes from one of the mountain free-stone springs, two miles distant, and the occupant is continually fanned, during the warm days of summer, by a pure and refreshing breeze from the mountain tops.

The course of study embraces a primary and preparatory department, as well as the higher Mathematics, the Physical and Moral Sciences, the Latin and Greek Languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music. The French and German Languages, also Painting and Drawing will be taught when a sufficient number desire instruction to justify the expense of a teacher in either of these departments.—Pupils will not be advanced in their studies unless they are prepared for those studies; nor will a pupil be allowed to continue in any study after his want of capacity for understanding that branch of science or literature has been satisfactorily determined. All the teachers will be selected from those who are thoroughly acquainted with what they propose to teach, and as far as possible from those only, who will exercise an influence for good in the community. All the Departments are under the personal supervision of the Principal.

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The Republican.

LOCAL MATTERS:

Bring your MONEY to MADDOX & PRIVETT'S and buy Goods Cheap.

Horses in great variety of color, size and age.

Animals, comprising almost every species from the cat to the elephant.

Birds in endless variety.

The best trained performing horses, goats, and dogs.

Vehicles in great variety, from a two-wheeled chaise to a train car.

The most celebrated band of music on instruments, from a common Jewsharp to a Grand Piano.

The most renowned leapers, tamers and back riders.

And undoubtedly the most beautiful troupe of ladies ever belied in one collection.

The most beautiful feature of all is, you can see the whole troop, stately arranged, for the simple bias of going to MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

Or you can buy any portion of the grand array for less money than you ever bought such goods in your life.

Call soon before they are picked at the RED STORE.

Well, Well.

Who would ever have thought that \$3 50 would have bought a man new SADDLE. My friend it is even so—*to* MADDOX & PRIVETT.

A few 50 lbs. CANS OF LARD at the Red Store, will be sold CHEAP by the can, or retailed at fair price.

Glassware

In great variety at MADDOX & PRIVETT'S. Goblets at 50c per set. Tumblers 35c ".

Go to MADDOX & PRIVETT to buy your CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Go to Madox & Privet to get your GROCERIES.

Go to Madox & Privet to get HARMLESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES—CHEAP.

Attention is directed to the notice of co-partnership of W. P. & Ed. L. PARK. Both are first rate business young men and no doubt will be successful in their new enterprise. Advertisement next week.

The court of county commissioners have been in session a portion of this week, and quite busily engaged looking after the interests of the County.

The \$1800 place in the corporate limits of Jacksonville advertised in our real estate column has been withdrawn from sale, and the \$3500 place in Alexandria valley substituted. This is one of the most desirable places in the County. It lies almost within the town of Jacksonville, is well improved, and in the midst of excellent society. We know of no place of equal size in the County that we had rather own. It is a great bargain.

L. W. GRANT has just received a bill of window blinds from the Machine shop of McKinney, at Oxford, and for whom membership cannot be excelled in any city North. He is prepared to do all such work to perfection, and people should patronize him rather than send to Chattanooga, Chicago and other points for such things. Let us encourage the industries of our country.

COURAGE.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their talents have prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in fame. The world is full of adventure, but few indeed stand back shivering at the thought of a bold and dangerous venture. We must jump in head first, and just jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to merely calculate risks and adjust contingencies. It did very well long before the flood, when a man could support his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to enjoy its success afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates and consults his brother, and his particular friends, until one day he finds he is sixty years of age, then he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin, and particular friends, that he has no time to follow their advice.

The *Living Age* says: "If the people of this country had to pay two billions of money yearly to sustain a king over them that squandered their money corrupted their young men, deloused their daughters, destroyed nearly one hundred thousand of their lives in ruinous and foolish wars, they would rebel. The people of this country do pay that amount every year to sustain a despotic government, and to put his servants over them. Rum is King!"

Agriculture will make but little progress under the inaction and indifference of its chosen leaders. Unless they exhibit life, faith, and works, their oratorical powers however well conceived, fall little to the ground. He who exhibits sufficient faith in raising grain or rearing animals, or in any branch of agriculture, to devote his life, soul, and body to the cause of its propagation, will aid the cause far better than his immediate neighborhood.

Enthusiasm and impulsion are contagions. A wide-awake farmer, not only inspires and elevates those about him, but the wave of progress reaches far distant spots, cheering, elevating and stimulating many a doubtful brother.

A Raleigh (N. C.) negro invited two of his friends to accompany him to a swamp-pasture at night, where a neighbor had a fat heifer. They went, found a heifer, killed her, divided the meat and went home. The next day the negro found that his cow was missing, and that, in the darkness, an unfortunate mistake had been made. But when he went to his friends to get pay for the beef they refused to pay for him, wherefore he mourns like sore doves.

It doesn't seem exactly right that a man should be obliged to walk through life on two bad legs just because he indulged in the innocent diversion of kicking his toes in his bed.

ARMED NEWS.

From the Birmingham Iron Age.]

The books of the Elton Land Company show that they sold more lots in the month of January, 1858, than in any one month during the past three years.

John Jackson, a notorious mulatto, a confederate, lured Ambrose Lee, an unscrupulous darky from Walker county, yesterday, to the salaried office of the city, and robbed him of \$10. John has been caught, and it is to be hoped after the sitting of the Circuit Court, Birmingham will be rid of him.

From the *Gadsden Times*.]

Rev. Mr. Cobb, of Calhoun county has removed to this place and will occupy the pulpit of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church the ensuing year.

Messrs. Rand & Winchester, on the 2d instant, sold their large saw mill property, together with about one thousand acres of timber lands, to Col. R. Kyle.

Our wealthy citizen, Levi Murphy is the most lucky man in Brainer's County. He with the assistance of Mr. South has found a van of gold on Mr. Murphy's plantation.

The most beautiful feature of all is, you can see the whole troop, stately arranged, for the simple bias of going to MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

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Mr. Rogers, of Indiana, arrived on Friday, and we hope Capt. Arnett will succeed in settling him.

From the *Jasper Eagle*.]

Ten or twelve of the "seventeen men" put up at the hotel last Thursday night, and had a jolly time relating their trials and adventures through the "wild west" section since they passed through town three or four weeks ago. Two prisoners were with them—one from Kentucky, one from Mississippi, and Sibley, from near South Lowell, bound for Huntsville.

They report quite a belligerent state of affairs in Winston county. Last Wednesday night, while ten of the officers were put up, for the night at a man's house in Winston, a man rode up to the door about 9 o'clock and called for the captain of the guard, saying that he wanted to give up to them. Capt. Hayworth, with a weapon of any kind, went to the gate, only to find himself surrounded by ten or twelve horsemen with shotguns, who demanded his authority for disturbing the stills in Winston county, and wanted to see the man who had started a distillery in the neighborhood. The man who had authority from the United States Government, and the man who did the shooting did so under the same authority. By this time most of the officers in the house, suspecting something wrong, started out. The first to go, at the door by the name of Rogers, a distiller, started shot guns and an order to get back, that he was not here, but there were many more, and his disease limited him, and he was never able to get back. Capt. Hayworth, with a weapon of any kind, went to the gate, only to find himself surrounded by ten or twelve horsemen with shotguns, who demanded his authority for disturbing the stills in Winston county, and wanted to see the man who had started a distillery in the neighborhood. The man who had authority from the United States Government, and the man who did the shooting did so under the same authority. The first to go, at the door by the name of Rogers, a distiller, started shot guns and an order to get back, that he was not here, but there were many more, and his disease limited him, and he was never able to get back. Capt. 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